



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

The Art Gallery

American Art Galleries.*

VIII.

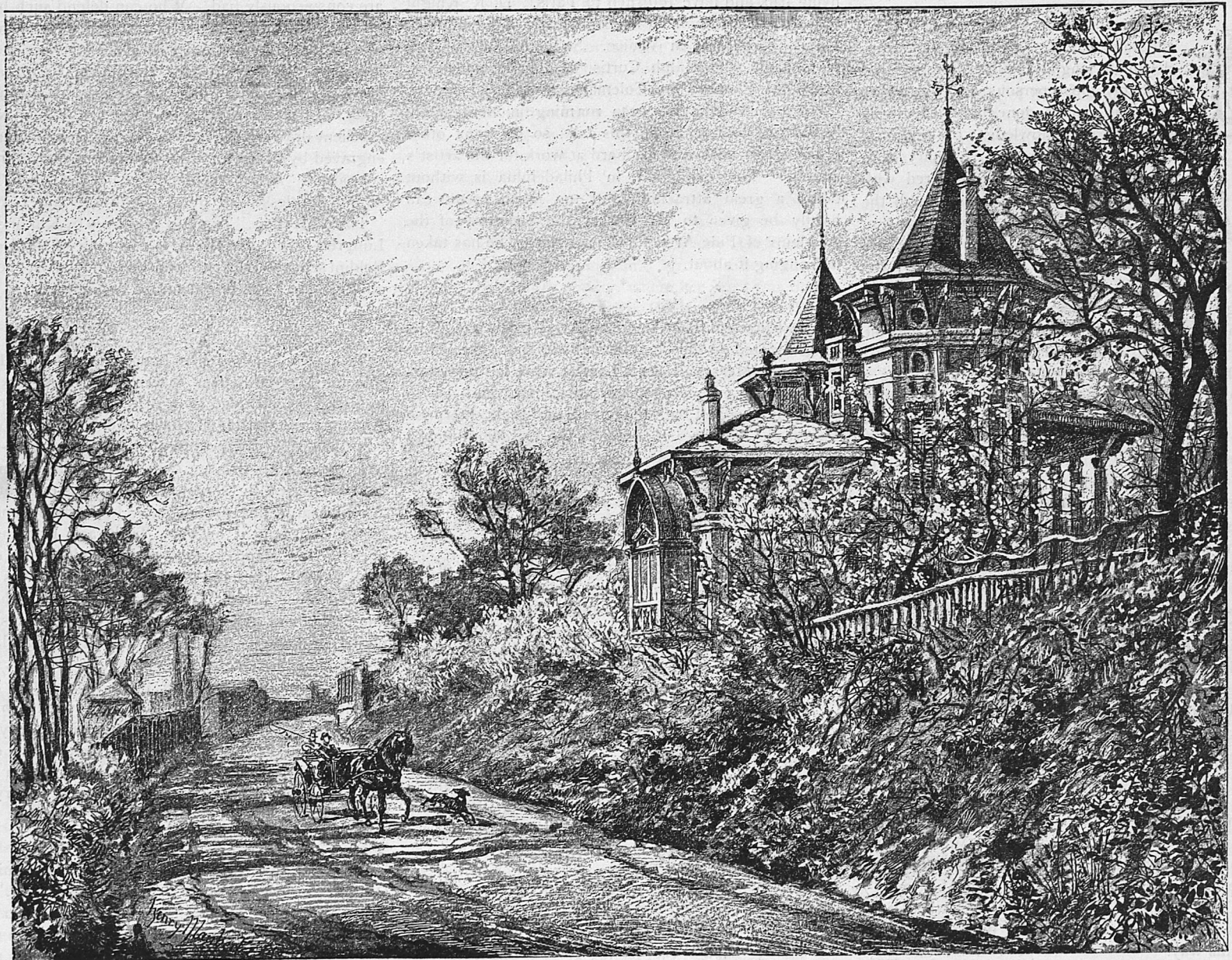
COLLECTION OF WILLIAM T. WALTERS, ESQ.
FIRST NOTICE.

LEISURELY Baltimore has her gaudy days when the senators and ambassadors come up from the nation's capital to examine the neighboring civilization of Maryland. On the pretext of testing a new railroad, installing a museum, or celebrating an anniversary, they embrace

Congress of Berlin I have seen our German Secretary of the Interior questioning a suspicious dish of greasy terrapin; in this Council of Nations I have observed the Chinese minister switching with his queue the edible cats of the painter Lambert, or pausing, with an involuntary prayer to Fo, before a monstrous censor from the Summer Palace at Peking. Among the crowded pictures of Mr. Walters' gallery I have noticed the diplomacy of the entire world drop its portfolios to inspect the portfolios of Bonvin's water-colors, and seen the paintings of every living European master submitted to the criticism, vicariously exercised, of the crowned heads of all Europe.

A collection which is occasionally submitted to such international judgment should itself be international.

er, and his "Christian Martyr," in a copy retouched or finished by himself. Here are Millet's "Breaking Flax" and "Potato Gatherers," and the central figures repeated from Breton's superb "End of the Day." Here, recently acquired, are the "Sappho" and "Sister is not at Home" of Alma Tadema, and the large "Venice" of Martin Rico. Here is Fortuny's "Malandria," from the series of the Nights of Rome, and Gérôme's "Duel after the Masquerade," and Villegas' "Slipper Merchant," and Tissot's "Marguerite," and an unapproached "Study from Nature" by Van Marcke, and Meissonier's "Trooper." The gallery is a looking-glass where the art of the nineteenth century can review its exultant bloom, its endless versatility; and also where art can pick out a silver hair or two, the



THE HOME OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

"VILLA DE LA SOLITUDE," ON THE BOULEVARD DU TIR, SAINTE ADRESSE, NEAR HAVRE.

FROM A DRAWING BY HENRY MAUBERT. (SEE PAGE 112.)

the chance of cutting diplomatically the cabbage of hospitality. Baltimore becomes an international council. In this provisional Versailles I have seen the Ambassador of the Queen conferring with the Kaiser's envoy in an American Gallery of Mirrors; in this temporary

* Copyright reserved by the author.

In fact, the pictures amassed by Mr. Walters are the complete representation of modern art.

Here are Gleyre's "Illusions Perdues," and Gallait's "Oubli des Douleurs" and "Egmont and Horn." Here is Horace Vernet's "Brigands Surprised by Papal Troops." Here is Delaroche's "Hemicycle," in the smaller replica prepared by the painter for his engrav-

signs of venerable age, for Van der Helst is represented in a matchless "Portrait of Mrs. Schurman," and Gilbert Stuart is present, to gratify American pride with a superb portrait of "Consul Barry."

The "Illusions Perdues," by the greatest of Swiss painters, Gleyre, was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris in one of those generous moments of



SARAH BERNHARDT'S PAINTING IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1880.

"THE YOUNG GIRL AND DEATH." DRAWN FOR THE ART AMATEUR BY CAMILLE PITON, OF NEW YORK.

(SEE PAGE 112.)

the administration when foreign excellence was allowed to receive the award of French purchase. Gleyre, however, had become to all intents and purposes a Parisian, and was conducting one of the most famous academies of the capital. The composition, here seen in a diminished replica, is one of the most delicious poems of our age, a group such as Winterhalter and Dupaty liked to represent, but painted of a different fund of endowment from theirs. It was imagined in 1835, and first shown at the 1843 Salon—an eight years' incubation of a beautiful fancy. At that time the painter was threatened with blindness, an artist's most awful dread, and was travelling for repose in Egypt. Sailing one blinding day on the Nile, oppressed with horrible fears of coming night, he was gratified with a tender and melancholy vision, distinctly borne in upon his sight with the freshness of twilight. He saw a heavenly boat, filled with angels, whose very reflections were plainly inlaid in the water, while their divine songs rang in his ears. The vision sailed along distinctly, and then, just abreast of Abydos, as distinctly stopped, coming to a pause at a tuft of palms, which still stands, as a landmark of the celestial errand. A man of genius knows how to make capital of his exquisite hallucinations. Eight years of application, of applied memory, and the consoling dream, with its whole burden of charm and sadness, was fastened upon the canvas in its full glow of grace and hue. "I cannot be sure that we ever see so much color in the twilight," remarked the artist to me one day in Paris before this composition; and the stricture, rightly understood, is a compliment to the painting, a tribute to its supernatural gift of tint or tone. A description of the "Illusions Perdues" is beautifully interwoven by Sir Arthur Helps in "Friends in Council," and the loveliest of the heavenly faces introduced as the portrait of his English heroine. But the women in the vision are in fact muses, whose inspirations are to fade and become lost in the beholder's old age. An antique bard sits on the shore, and is the recipient of the vision. Stately and noble, his hair dressed in Phœnician curls as for an Adonis festival, his lyre fallen and with broken strings, he sits near a little wharf and by an abortive fig-tree, while a Tyrian galley passes and does not touch at the quay. In it are the muses and Charites, singing from a scroll or beating time or touching the harp, while a winged Eros guides the rudder and scatters roses into the waves. The river brimmed with tide and sunset swells around. When it is said that every figure is a model of lofty grace, and that an ineffable melancholy clasps the whole conception like twilight shadow, enough is told to justify the extraordinary reputation enjoyed by the picture so fortunately acquired by an American collector.

The "Oubli des Douleurs" is perhaps the masterpiece of Gallait, at least in the idyllic line, and the present specimen is veritably by the hand of the great Belgian veteran. "Since I gave M. Gallait the commission to paint the

Forgetfulness of Sorrow myself," says a letter of Mr. Walters, "and saw him repeatedly engaged upon the work during its progress, its authenticity is, I should think, not questionable." The theme illustrates the troubles of gentle and wandering baladines. The sister droops upon the brother's knees, footsore and sad, a tambourine and a grape-bunch neglected at her feet; the youth, as her head sinks to sleep in his lap, touches with his little finger the strings of a violin, in some faint "chanson de sommeil," and looks down with exquisite compassion to see the birth of the first smile upon the lips of slumber. They sit together upon a stile in a lonely mountain road, and the beholder, past their sorrows, can only see with envy the beauty of their life of "art and liberty," the primitive cares and ready consolations of

their free existence. Another famous subject by Gallait is seen in his rich water-color, a study for his "Egmont and Horn." Alva looks at the decapitated leaders with grim satisfaction, as they lie in state after execution, their stately heads placed near their trunks, a decent drapery laid upon their forms, and a crucifix placed upon their breasts. His vengeance is satisfied, his remorse unawakened. The armies of Charles shall no longer be led by Netherlanders, but by Spain in his person.

"The Suicide" of Decamps was the first work to establish his reputation, and has found its way, through the Blodgett collection, to this gallery. It has blackened greatly with age, and is now in great part invisible, owing to a free use of the tone-painter's perilous luxury, bitume. A little French lithograph, made

said, is horribly pathetic; the sympathy between the lonely victim and the shadow that clusters thickly in every corner is full of meaning. The masterly arrangement of light and shade, adding a burden of horror and mystery, is what establishes the merit of the picture as a work of imagination.

The visit to-day to Mr. Walters' gallery must be a short one. On another occasion, when there are no diplomatists present, I will try to repeat the call, and give more deliberate impressions of the masterpieces I have only named yet, and of some others.

CICERONE.

MARTIN RICO.

IN the year 1870 the distinguished artist Fortuny, then oscillating between his native land of Spain and Rome—"Rome, my country," the true birthplace of us all—discovered on a home excursion a charming house in the beautiful nightingale-haunted city of Granada. He thought he could spend an agreeable and fruitful winter there, with his beloved Cecilia de Madrazo, and the beautiful presents she had made him, the fine boy and girl who have served as models in so many of his pictures. As he directed his explorative wanderings through the elm-groves planted by Wellington along the banks of the Darro, or between the prismatic walls of the Alhambra, glittering with azulejo tile-work, it seemed to him that one familiar pleasure would be necessary to complete his happiness. He remembered the tinkle of Martin Rico's guitar. With this accompaniment to complete the concerts of the nightingales, and the communings that two accomplished artists might exchange, it appeared to him that the house in question, No. 1 Realijo Bajo, might become an inspiring home for both the painters. Fortuny wrote to Rico, setting forth the attractions of this housekeeping in partnership. The landscape painter, being unattached and free-footed, was not insensible to his friend's representations, and after an interchange of letters the plan was adopted. "Dear Martin," next wrote Fortuny, in a burst of gratification, "I am delighted to learn you are disposed to come, and I think we shall pass a splendid winter. We can paint as many patios and gitanos (courtyards and gypsies) as we like." In due time the diligence delivered a dark-haired young tourist, who seemed to care as much for his guitar-box as for all the rest of his baggage put together, easels and colors included. The winter was happily passed in the Realijo Bajo residence, on the proposed double plan, and the catgut strings were not dumb. "Rico, who is with us, regales us with his guitar," wrote Fortuny in due season to a mutual acquaintance.

The friendship did not wear itself out, as many friendships might, with this close test. Thereafter, when the figure-painter discovered some site where the landscape elements were stronger than the character subjects, he was uneasy that Rico should be losing it. At the very close of his life, when ordered to Portici by the doctor, he was inspired by the splendor of the Bay of Naples, and modestly renounced his own merits as an interpreter, to exalt those of his comrade. "There are here certain motifs," he wrote to Rico, "which you alone could paint well." But Rico, now confined by invalidism, was already pushing for the farther shores of Italy. Fortuny meant quickly to follow his chum to the silver streets of Venice, where he would doubtless have gratified the world with such a rendering as art has never seen. But the Roman malaria had signed him with its mark, and Fortuny was doomed to die without looking at the Rialto from over his friend's shoulder.

Rico's supreme interpretations of Venice are there-



COSTUME SKETCHES DRAWN BY CHARLES FECHTER.
(SEE PAGE 112.)

in times past by my handsome acquaintance, Eugène Leroux, gives a better idea of the painter's conception than the painting. I believe I noticed the fact, in my late article on Mr. T. G. Appleton's collection, that the artist's water-color sketch of the "Suicide" is in that gentleman's possession. The scene represents the suicide of an artist: this is unhappily no rare topic in France—Marchal took his own life lately; Couturier was only prevented from so doing by an accident, and Léopold Robert and Baron Gros, with several others, were before the mind of Decamps as prototypes of his victim. We see a garret, a rush-bottomed chair and tabouret, a wretched bed, an easel, palette, and skull. On the bedstead, stretched on his back, lies the young suicide, his arm hanging over a pistol which has dropped on the floor. The subject, it need hardly be